An Attempted Theft With Severe Consequences

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Nigel catches a young omega trying to steal valuables from his safe and confronts him. The alpha offers the scared young thief two options, a blow job, and they'd be even, or he'd call his gangster friends. Knowing he has no other option, Jack agrees to the deal. Also, Nigel is quite the attractive alpha which makes the job easier on him.

Notes

Non-Con / Dub-Con is because Jack doesn't really have a choice here to decide if he wants the blow job or not.Internalized homophobia is because of Nigel's toxic masculinity. There are also slurs.

Thanks for still being here 💜 Love you all 😘 I know it's been quiet here, but writing is still a struggle for me. This oneshot took me a few weeks. I'm happy about every single ficlet or drabble that comes to my mind.

If you want to stay in touch, follow me on Tumblr or Twitter (same username).

“Come on, baby, talk to me,” Jack whispered to himself. He gritted his teeth and almost bit on his tongue, as he desperately tried to crack the safe open by using his tools. By any means he intended to avoid the mistake of trying out combinations on the number pad and alerting security men. You’d never know what precautions well-situated men took to protect their property. Especially a drug-lord.

The omega was so focused on the challenging task in front of him to get the money, completely forgetting that the planned time for the coup had run out, he didn’t notice the owner of this flat, Nigel, sneak into the room and approach him with quiet steps from behind. When the pungent scent of alpha musk reached Jack’s nose, it was too late. A loud, almost whorish groan escaped his throat as Nigel fisted his hair and pulled him back from the safe and into the vast living room with brute force, causing Jack to fall flat on his knees on the smooth, cold marble floor.

“What do you think you’re fucking doing?” Nigel growled. His pupils dilated and speckles of red appeared in the iris. He pressed the cold muzzle of the gun to the temple of the omega and unlocked the safety with the flick of his finger. Jack felt the cold, hard iron of the pistol pressing against his skull. A shiver ran down his spine and he attempted to suppress the shudder. He sensed that it would be of no avail to fight off this alpha.This man was a predator and not to be trifled with.

Not wanting to provoke the alpha further, he kept his gaze fixed on the ground. His heart raced in his chest. This wasn’t how it was supposed to end *again.* It was enough that he had barely dodged the bullet once and gone through a near-death experience. In a desperate attempt to manipulate the alpha and save his life, he decided to beg for his life.

“Please..please don’t shoot,” he whined, his voice high-pitched. His scent glands sent fear pheromones into the air, aiming to placate the alpha. Nigel’s hand tightened around the handle of the gun and pressed the muzzle harder against his forehead. “Why shouldn’t I? You fucking broke into my apartment, trying to steal my money you little fag,” he spat.

Jack’s heart raced in his chest and cold, clammy sweat covered his hands. One wrong word and he would be dead. No one to save him this time. He inhaled a sharp breath. Slowly he raised his blue-green eyes up at the alpha. The man called Nigel had sharp, relentless dark eyes with flecks of blood red in them. Also, the prominent, sharp cheekbones stood out, making his face very handsome. Along with his incredibly well-trained body, he was a good-looking alpha. It would have been worse if Nigel had been an ugly alpha with a beer belly, greasy hair and rotten teeth.

“Maybe..maybe there’s a way we can find a way to settle this without murder?” Jack spoke softly. “I will never ever steal anything from you again. I promise,” he purred, batting his eyelashes in a coquettish way. “I will do anything you want..”

Thank goodness, his body reacted. A stream of intoxicating scent pheromones made their way from Jack’s scent glands towards the alpha.

The alpha perceived it, gritted his teeth and gripped the handle of the gun tighter as he battled to resist the influence. Nigel narrowed his eyes and let out a guttural, menacing growl. Jack lowered his eyes again and waited for Nigel to give him an answer. Jack resigned to his fate when no immediate answer came. Well, that attempt had been worth a shot.

Fuck. This was it. He was really gonna die after all. Death had finally caught up with him.

The young thief closed his eyes and waited for the deadly bullet to reunite him with Sarah after escaping a grim death by the skin of one’s teeth.

It didn’t come.

To Jack’s surprise, Nigel withdrew the gun from his temple and locked the safety. He didn’t put it down though. Jack had wanted to snatch it, it would have been a good chance but his body didn’t react in these important few seconds. It was as if someone had turned him to stone. His muscles didn’t move, even though he wanted to.

The alpha gripped Jack's face with his free hand and pulled up the chin forcefully. His index finger brushed over Jack's cheeks and lips. His mouth curved into a sneering smile.

He leaned his upper body forward, hunkering down, and drew close to Jack's face. The younger omega felt the heat of his breath on his cheeks, his warm finger on his lips, and smelled the intoxicating aroma of alpha musk, the smoke of cigarettes, and his cologne. Slick soaked Jack's underwear as he breathed in the musky fragrance. Nigel brought his nose to his scent glands in the crook of his neck and emitted a pleased purr.

"Luckily for you, you are a fucking pretty thing," Nigel rasped into his ear, stroking the rosy, plump lips of Jack repeatedly until Jack opened his mouth and welcomed the intrusion of Nigel's finger. And another one. Until Jack was sucking three fingers. They tasted of stale cigarette stubs and sweat, but Jack continued to suck at them. He stared into the taunting eyes of the alpha. He could bite and cause some damage, maybe rip his fingers off, but it wouldn't do him any good. Jack was smarter than that. In fact, it would be better if he kept behaving like a whore until Nigel would be hazy in his post-coital bliss. He could escape and maybe snatch some money bills from his pocket.

The man with the sand-blonde hair called Nigel let out a derisive, amused chuckle.

"Oh what a nice little whore you are. I see that you really must be queer and fucking good at sucking cock." He let out a derisive laugh. "You do make a good puffy face. In fact a better one than Charlie."

It still stung that Gabi had walked away with this greasy stuff little shit.

Nigel pushed his fingers in and out, in a steady rhythm pushing deeper, watching him with unbridled lust how obediently Jack took the fingers. His breathing became more erratic as the omega kept on slurping his fingers and gave him that naughty stare. His cock hardened and pressed against the front of his slacks which now felt way too tight.

"Well, you offered me to do anything for me. Nigel asked with a smirk, stopping pushing his fingers in and out and drawing his wet fingers over this tempting mouth of Jack.. "Because I have an interesting offer to make," he said. "One that could save your life. Are you interested?"

Jack bobbed his head in a slow and timid way. It was enough of an answer for Nigel. He pulled his fingers out and grabbed Jack's chin again.

"If you do well and satisfy me, I might not call my men and chase you." He loosened his grip on the omega's jawline. "Being hunted by the mafia is no fun, I can tell you that."

"Yes, *alpha* ," Jack said in a gentle tone indicating total submissiveness. He batted his eyelashes again in a coquettish way and let out a lustful purr."I'm going to please you in every way you like me to and am going to give my best effort."

Nigel chuckled and slackened his grip around his chin."You surely know how to be a slut, boy," he said with a leer. Slowly, he started to unbuckle his black belt with his left hand. His right hand held his gun behind his back, just in case the thief tried something again.

The omega straightened his upper body and leaned forward.. “Let me help you, alpha,” he purred and brought up his fingers to help Nigel with opening the slacks. He discovered that a big, thick, black wallet hung out of the right pocket, about to drop to the floor. He would get it later though. In a moment when Nigel was about to cum.The alpha grunted and sifted his veiny, tanned hand through Jack’s short curls. He pulled at his curls with force, making the omega whimper in pain.

“Ouch…”

Nigel’s eyes flashed up in a dark crimson red.

“This is a little warning, should you attempt to use your teeth or pull any other tricks. I may revoke the offer any time. Understood?”

“Yes...I won’t try anything badly,” Jack promised.

Nigel patted his head. “Good. Now get to fucking work, boy.”

Jack decided not to hesitate any longer so as not to give the alpha the feeling he wasn’t into it and eagerly worked at the belt, the zipper, and the button of his slacks. Nigel watched the omega work at his pants with attentive, alert eyes.

“Fuck yeah, gorgeous” he grunted as the omega pulled down his pants and boxers to free his aching cock from the constraint. A relieved, satisfied hiss escaped his mouth.Much better now.

The omega eyed the thick cock and swallowed for a moment as he imagined that he had to take it. His dick was rather massive in size, impressive even for an alpha. Jack had never deep throated any alpha’s cock before. Most of the time he had sex with Sarah who had been an omega just like him. Just once or twice, before her, he had hooked up with alphas and fooled around.

Now he really didn’t have another choice but to get over it. After inhaling a sharp breath, Jack took the plunge into dark waters. He began to massage his balls with his hands, eliciting a groan from the alpha while his tongue swirled around the pink head of his dick, tasting the salty, slightly bitter drop of precome. Safety and STDIs be damned.

Occasionally, his eyes darted up to Nigel’s face.

He must be doing something right for his hard look and softened into a friendlier one. He seemed relaxed and hazy.

“Good..boy..”, he grunted.He tousled his hair again and petted his smooth cheek.

Encouraged, Jack continued to lick around his cock and his balls. It was not that he didn’t enjoy this. He did have some fun even if he had been coerced into this situation.

Jack continued licking and massaging his dick and balls for a little while longer, until Nigel let out a growl. With a quick movement, he grabbed him by his hair, slapped his erect cock against his lips and started to slam his dick in and out.

“Suck it, boy, ” Nigel commanded with a snarl.

Jack’s bluish-green eyes watered and he gagged at the intrusion of Nigel’s magnificent cock. Drool ran down the corner of his mouth. He fought with all determination against his reflexes and the dizziness and told himself that this would be over soon.

A victorious and hazy smirk spread across Nigel’s face as he witnessed the omega’s struggle with deep throating. He felt triumphant and superior. This was the humiliation that twink deserved.

An intensive tremor went through Nigel’s body as it prepared for the coming onslaught of the orgasm. With a loud groan, Nigel came. At this moment, Jack wanted to back off but Nigel grabbed him harshly by his hair.

“Swallow like the good slut you are,” he grumbled and thrust into his mouth a few times again.

The omega gave his best in not choking on the semi-transparent liquid but his natural reflexes won over him Half of it spilled out of his mouth.

Panting and coughing, Jack fell back to the ground, losing control over his body, unlike his plan to stay in charge. He wiped off the cum with his hands.

As he sat flat on his ass to recover and stop the dizziness, he noticed that something small and soft pressed against his right cheek.He didn’t need to look to know it was Nigel’s wallet.His last chance to secure himself at least a tiny amount of money and get some food and supplies for the night and the journey out of town.

Nigel breathed in deeply and enjoyed the rush of hormones which put him in a better mood but also made him lower his guard. He put the gun down, pulled up his boxer shorts, not caring about cleaning himself up, and fiddled with his slacks.

“I guess you live,” Nigel grunted. “Even though you need some fucking practice as a cocksucker.”

Jack used the moment of distraction and secretly shoved the black wallet with his ass away until it rested behind his back. His right hand snatched it and shoved it into the back of his ragged jeans.He stood up and groaned as the awareness for his aching knees returned fully.

“Thank you. I’d better be going,” Jack spoke in a hoarse voice, rough from use. In his face there hung still traces of semen.

“Yes, go, before I do fucking change my mind,” Nigel grumbled, flinging a warning, intense glare at him.

“Bye then,” Jack answered with a faint smile and backed off, trying not to pull too much attention to his backside.He walked away into the anteroom and slinked out of the door. The sun was already setting and dipped the sky into fiery shades of red, orange and pink.

On the piazza with the fountain surrounded by marble figures, some five hundred metres away from the house, Jack checked his appearance again in his broken smartphone screen and wiped away the remainder of the sun. He gazed at the sun fading above the roofs in Bucharest. The omega then turned his gaze back at the house in the distance and then decided to speed up and catch the next bus heading down into the city centre which was just driving down the street and coming to a halt.

As he stared out of the window in the bus, Jack tried to banish the thought of Nigel out of his mind. A reckless part of him would love to see the alpha again, even though he was an homophobic asshole. He shook it off.First he needed a safe place from rain and some food. Then he needed to disappear.But did he want to leave that man behind?

Jack wasn’t so sure.

His inner omega yearned to be with a strong alpha who could protect him.

When Nigel had calmed down, he felt like smoking an obligatory post-sex cigarette again. He walked out of the expansive living room area and opened the glass door, looking for his lighter and cigarette.He found the half-empty box of cigarettes, the lighter, but not his wallet. An annoyed growl left Nigel as he noticed it had been stolen during the fucking blow job. He was a fucking idiot for letting his guards down. Nigel blew a blue cloud of smoke into the air and watched the sunset.

His rage soon turned into some strange kind of admiration and possessiveness. A cold breeze made him shiver and choose to leave. Nigel dipped the stub into the ashtray on the table, turned around, shut the glass door and head back into the apartment to put on some fresh clothes and call Darko. He wanted to track down the mischievous omega.That cunning, pretty thief needed a good spanking. And perhaps he wanted to make him his boy toy, his whore and perhaps, if he behaved, his mate. He wasn’t gay but this boy intrigued him.

No one would be allowed to touch this omega.

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